



**You Smile Back
at Me and Your
Face Lit Up the
Sun**

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Summary:

Richie wanted senior year to be the best for him and his friends. So far, it has been nothing but great. Until now. Prom is approaching and he wants to ask Eddie to go with him. Not just go with him, but /go/ with him.

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Author's Note:

I haven't posted a fanfic on here in actual ages, but here I am. Surprise! Also here's a mini playlist that reminds me of these two fluffballs. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AgZqDa8PaJM&list=PLYAf1FlVyFEw5lmHuuwQMAsYOz65YmJ>

have a listen, and enjoy :)

Richie wanted senior year to be the best for him and his friends. So far, it's going great. Until now. Prom is approaching and he wants to ask Eddie to go with him. Not just go with him, but go with him. The world is ending.

"Would you stop? The world is not ending." Beverly rolls her eyes, "You know that Eddie would agree to anything you say or ask of him."

"Sh-She's right," Bill says, nodding.

"How the fuck am I gonna just *ask* him? You know I can't fuckin' do that." Richie runs a hand through his hair.

"Of course you can. You've heard of a promposal, haven't you?"

"Yes, Stan, you ass."

"Then do one for him. Don't just ask him. You're loud, so prove it. Don't be boring. I'm positive that Eddie will love it, even if you do something dumb. Like make fun of him."

Richie grins, an idea forming in his head

Stan gives him a look, "Tozier, don't.."

"I can't believe you fucking made fun of him in your promposal." Stan groans, "You're such a dick."

Ben reads it out loud, " 'It would take my breath away if you'd go to prom with me'. Aww, how cute."

"Look, He even added a picture of an inhaler on it." Mike says.

"I c-can't believe you used y-your entire art p-period to make this." Bill laughs and shakes his head.

"Well." Beverly says, "When are you going to do it?"

As if on cue, the bell rings, indicating lunch and free period.

"Let's get this show on the road then, huh?" Richie rolls up the sign, careful not to bend it.

The gang makes their way down to the cafeteria, reciting small words and phrases of encouragement to Richie, who thinks he may actually die.

"Okay. There he is." Richie can pick him out of any crowd. He's sitting at one of the tables in the middle of room, just beginning to eat his food.

"He's not making this easy, sitting in the middle of the room and shit."

Richie slowly unravels the sign and walks over to him. He surely catches Eddie off guard. He's not even five feet away from him before Eddie is slurring out a string of, "Oh my god, what the fuck Richie"s.

Richie gets help from the boys and stands on the table, which lures the attention of others toward them.

"What can I say, Eds? You take my breath away. I might just die if you say yes to going to prom with me." He beams a shit-eating grin.

"Get down before you get hurt, Richie!"

That's his boy.

He complies almost immediately. "So, what do you say? Prom?"

"I'd punch you if this wasn't so sweet," Eddie motions toward the picture of the inhaler plastered on the poster. He playfully sighs, "But, yes, I will go to prom with you."

Richie nearly drops his sign. "You'll- You'll go to prom? With Me? Like, go go, right? Like together? We're on the same page?"

Eddie laughs, "Yes, you big dummy. Don't ruin the moment."

"What mo-"

Neither of them hears it, but the students around them were clapping and whistling for them.

So, it turns out the world was not ending. It was the best day of Richie's life. The boy who he's been so smitten over and hung up on, said yes to him to prom, and then kissed him. It couldn't get any better than this.

"It's about time you made a move," Eddie teases.

"Fuck you, Kaspbrak."

Eddie kisses him again.

Or, maybe it could get better.

Author's Note:

you can follow my tumblr here: <http://croke-park-princess.tumblr.com/>